

## OGDEN MORNING EXAMINER

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

BERT R. BOWMAN, General Manager.

CHARLES W. MEIGHAN, Managing Editor.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (IN ADVANCE.)

Daily and Sunday, one month.....	65c
Daily and Sunday, six months.....	\$3.75
Daily and Sunday, one year.....	7.00
Sunday Examiner, one year.....	2.00

Subscribers wishing address of paper changed must give former as well as present address. Subscriptions, in all cases, are payable in advance.

WEATHER FORECAST—UTAH—Cloudy, rain y night or Monday.

Full Associated Press Service—Seven Days a Week.

F. W. HENKEL, Chicago Representative. Tribune Building.

## CLEAN OGDEN STREETS OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS

A petition is being circulated among local business men and taxpayers aimed at the unsightly bicycle racks which "adorn" the streets of the commercial district. There is no reason on earth why that petition should not receive the signature of every right-thinking man in the community. The Examiner hopes that it will.

When the request reaches the city council it should be heeded. Drastic regulations should be adopted and the police department should immediately undertake their enforcement. The spectacle of long rows of cheap signs and other obstructions does great damage to the interests of the city. They possess no advertising value and they are absolutely without justification, judged from any common-sense standpoint.

Remove the bicycle racks and then go after poles, posts and other obstructions. Clear the thoroughfares and the city can boast one of the most metropolitan appearances of any community in the west.

## TREAT THEM ALL ALIKE.

On the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Washington avenue there stands a crippled peanut-vender. Nature has been unkind and the man more unfortunate than other competitors seeks to eke out an existence through the sale of his wares. For the sidewalk space which he occupies, the peddler pays the store in front of which he stands ten dollars every month. This, in addition to a city license.

More pretentious vendors who have entered competition with heavy capital back of them pay nothing for their privilege. It is obviously unfair. The authorities should undertake to remedy this defect. Possibly the merchants themselves could make the change. Every vendor should be compelled to pay for the privilege or the charge should be entirely withdrawn. "Equal Rights to All," should apply in this case as in no other.

## TREATING EMPLOYEES RIGHT.

"Largely owing to its wonderful selling organization, the National Cash Register company's business for 1909 showed an increase of 33 per cent over the previous year. All salesmen who secured a certain amount of business during the year were invited to a convention at Dayton, Ohio, at the expense of the company. All the eastern men met in New York and together with the chief officials of the company they traveled to Ohio by a special train," says a news item.

This is the sort of enterprise and co-operation that builds up business. The Examiner would like to see more of it in the nation.

## A PLEA FOR MUSIC IN THE HOME BY A MUSICIAN

How many thousands of men and women today will confess that they are "no musicians" but are passionately fond of music. They fail to realize that the two statements are contradictory today for by means of the "Cecilian Piano" everyone sincerely fond of music can become a musician.

Long ago Mr. Emerson showed us that what we wish in language is a means of communication—that there is no virtue in and of itself in knowing a new language, if the wealth of thought and feeling which are imprisoned in that language cannot be made available in one's own. "What I wish," said he "when I go from Cambridge to Boston is to get to the other side of the Charles River. There is no virtue in swimming it, if there is a bridge over which I can walk." So if music is what one desires, there is no virtue in spending thousands of dollars, unmeasured force and years of time in producing a little of it of indifferent quality, if by the use of a "Cecilian Piano" one can get much more music, much more perfectly and feelingly rendered at an expenditure which relatively is too trivial to mention.

I beg fathers and mothers who want to give their children a musical culture to purchase for them a "Cecilian Piano" since I find this to be the furthest developed, the most useful, the most resourceful, the most susceptible to guidance.

Do not turn the instrument over to them with so many rolls of music and let them regard it merely as a mechanical toy on a level with the "musical box" of our fathers. Rather let them understand that the instrument is provided to unlock for them the masterpieces of melody from every nation in the world, and that by a study of the productions of the great composers and by an analytical examination of the musical structure of their works they can learn the elements and beauties of correct composition.

A child of twelve can learn more by repeated listening to one of Mendelssohn's Lieder than by a hundred hours' practice off "The Battle of Prague." And the relative effects of the two on the nerves of an anxious parent need hardly be discussed.

I cannot too strongly advise mothers anxious to develop the musical intelligence of their little ones to examine the educational advantages of one of these instruments.

Let them purchase a "Cecilian Piano," place it in their homes and give the children to understand that its use constitutes a privilege and reward. Select one or two special classical pieces with sufficient melody to attract the ear of the child and let these particular pieces be considered its own property. Encourage the child to play these regularly and let the mother sit by the child's side and point out the different expressions given to the air by variations in the tempo, etc. The child is by nature gifted with a keen faculty of imitation, and it will not be long before he or she begins to appreciate the distinctions which they can produce by variations in operating.

After one or two pieces have been mastered, gradually enlarge the repertoire, taking great care that the selections made have intrinsic merit from a classical standpoint and giving the child every opportunity to select pieces which appeal to him. By this means the child's musical perceptions will be quickened to an extent possible by no other method I know of.

CALL AT OGDEN MUSIC CO., 2370 WASH. AVE.

## SIX JOKES IN THIS BUNCH



## A HISTORIC SPOT.

"Uncover your head, friend De Barn; we're passing a historic spot."  
"How's that?"  
"Why, I, even I, while with the Smashup company did slumber for three nights in yon barn."



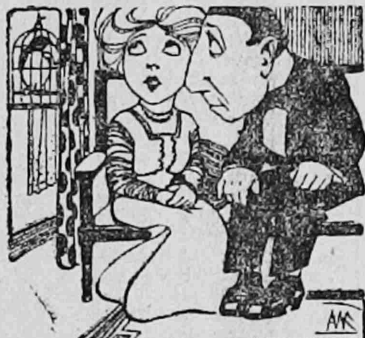
## ONE OF THE REQUISITES.

"When the hair on his temples was white he had become so valuable to his employers that they paid him \$5,000 a year, and he often said to himself:  
"If I had \$10,000 a year I believe we could manage to save a little now and then, and perhaps I could sometimes smuggle a dollar or two out to spend for my own pleasure."



## ONE THING NECESSARY.

"Tenreck—That fellow Gayboy has no conscience. He is quite capable of trying to kiss your wife."  
"Henpeck—Then he must make up in courage what he lacks in conscience."



## HIS RIVAL.

"Why did you break off your engagement with Miss Bertha?"  
"Because her parrot was always saying 'Stop that George!'"  
"But what difference did that make?"  
"A whole lot of difference. My name is not George."



## SHE KNEW HIM.

"Your husband has the faith to move a mountain," said the visiting minister.  
"Bosh," replied the wife. "He hasn't enough faith to get out of bed of a cold morning and fetch in the milk."



## GETTING NEXT.

Manager—Weren't you afraid to sleep in that haunted room?  
De Hamm—No; it was a real comfort to be in some place where the ghost walked.

## REPAIRS ARE NEEDED.

Attention is directed to the condition of the public road west of the Weber river bridge on Twenty-fourth street. Where the highway branches to the southwest, water has frozen on the hill making the pass one of the most dangerous in the state. Already there have been several close calls and severe injury or death may follow unless repairs are made. The Examiner urges the county authorities to take immediate action.

## OVER THE WALNUTS AND WINE

Good Stories of the Great and the Near-Great.

"I wonder if any of the senators will have a fist fight in the capital this session," remarked the vivacious brunette at the head of the table in a Washington hostelry.  
"I do hope they will; it is so exciting," she went on. "I remember at the time of the Tillman-McLaurin scrap I was boarding at the same house with McLaurin's secretary. Pretty near every one in the house was for Tillman, and as it grew closer and closer to the time for dinner that day some of us were getting nervous lest the young McLaurin should be made uncomfortable by the remarks which were certain to be passed at the table."

Fortunately, it so happened that a child's chance remark saved the day. Prince Henry was visiting Washington at that time, and when this bright little girl heard that the secretary had not yet seen the prince, she inquired of him sympathetically.  
"Wouldn't they let you see Prince Henry because you are McLaurin's secretary?"  
"The roar of laughter following this naive remark broke the ice and put every one at ease."

Many a gruesome bit of wisdom is gleaned by settlement workers. The other day a woman of philanthropic tendencies trudged miles looking for rooms for an unfortunate family that had to move. After she had made a selection that would fit their scanty means, the mother of the family went around to see the rooms before moving in.  
"Oh," exclaimed the wise tenement dweller, "we'd be worse off here than where we are! This place is too unhealthy."

The woman pointed to the banisters which ran up through five flights of stairs to the roof in a ragged, broken line.  
"Coffins," she said grimly. "That's what that means. Coffins are terribly hard on banisters. There are too many deaths here to suit me."

And when the settlement worker learned that many tenement dwellers really do judge of the healthfulness of a house by the condition of the banisters she concluded that the place wouldn't suit her either.  
A trust magnate from New York and his amiable but not accomplished wife, who came to Washington five years ago and are just now entering fully into the inner circles by aid of a high priced social secretary, a young matron born in the set she now adorns but possessed of no fortune and the wife of an officer absent on duty. The arrangement is an ideal one, the younger woman giving two hours a day and the experience of a lifetime in society in return for a substantial retainer in cash, the use of her client's several when the settlement worker and the privilege of entertaining all the younger woman's friends, at the expense of the ambitious, but not discerning hostess.

He looked ahead with hope when he got \$12 a week.  
"Some day," he thought, "I will draw twenty-five. Then I will have \$1 a week more to spend for my own pleasure. My wife will have the other with which to do as she pleases and we will save three. That will be \$156 a year not counting the interest."

When he got \$25 a week he thought:  
"I will make myself so useful here that they will pay me twice as much some time as they are paying me now. We will then save \$15 a week and I will always have at least \$5 in my pocket."

When he succeeded in inducing them to pay him \$50 a week he often thought:  
"Oh, if I could have an income of \$5,000 a year. Then it would be possible for me to save at least \$5 a

week for myself and we could perhaps save a thousand annually."

Ma's brother Joshua was playing poker with Pa last night. Pa was telling Ma early in the evening that the way to play poker was to stay out until you had something, and dear brother used to play a good game of poker, sed ma. Dident you, Josh.

I wud deery lov to play poker with you, dear brother, sed Pa. Nothing in the world wud give me moar pleasure. So Pa & Joshua started to play stud poker, bekaus Pa sed stud poker was a better game to play to handed than draw poker.  
Ma & me watched the game, & at first Pa won quite a little munny from Joshua. He felt very good every time he took a pot, & wen Pa feels good he talks all the time. Gambling, Pa sed, is a queer game. Only a very few of us play poker right. To be a successful gambler, Pa sed, requires a grate deal of nerve & a keen mind. Anybody can lose munny, Pa sed, but it takes a hero to win munny these days. The way I always win, Pa sed, is not generally known, & I don't think I shall tell my system. As for this brother of yours, Pa sed, you will realize the fact that Josh plays poker like a snow-blind bird. His munny is a gift, sed Pa, & I am almost ashamed to take it.

Don't be ashamed kid, sed Joshua to Pa. Any munny that you git from me you are welcome to. Keep right on winning as long as you can.

Yes, sed Pa, as I was saying becaus a reel gambler is born, not made. I lerned poker from my deer old dad, who was a fine performer. He had one of them frozen faces; so cold that it could pull nails out of the side of a house. And you can take it from me, kind folks, that he used to cash in very, very handsome.

I am glad yure father knew some think, sed Ma. I never gave him credit for such intelligence.

Just then Ma's brother won a big pot, & after that he won everything there was on the table. Pa's face kept getting longer and longer, & his stack of chips kept getting shorter & shorter. Ma felt kind of sorry for Pa, but I think she wanted to see her brother win, at that. Well, kid, she sed to Pa, after he had lost all the chips he had. How do you like the heavy going? I guess friend brother is there, isn't he? How do you account for the fact that little Josh has copped all the kale. I wish you wuddent use slang, sed Pa. I lerned slang from you, sed Ma.

Then Joshua asked Pa if he wanted to play any more, & Pa sed Yes, I will play all nite. So Pa borrowed Ma's allowance, & bet all of that & lost it. Then Ma didn't laff any more. I think Ma's brother gave her back her munny after the game. Pa will pay her back, too, so Ma will win two (2) ways. Poor Pa. He never has no luck & never wins nothing.

Works of Graceful Fancy.  
"Father," asked Little Rolo, "what is a prospectus?"

"The kind I am mostly acquainted with, my son, is a sort of fairy tale adapted to the tastes of adults instead of children."—Washington Star.

## Household Hints

By WEX JONES

In view of the number of burglaries reported recently, persons living in flats are interested in any means of insuring the safety of themselves and their property. Of all plans this is undoubtedly the best. To insure that no burglar will rob your flat, move with all your belongings to another one. A scheme that will foil the ordinary apartment house looter is to sleep in a safe, with your jewels under the pillow. Yet another plan, and one by which the intruder may be captured, is to turn on all the gas jets after sealing doors and windows, and sit up all night. Naturally, when the nocturnal visitor (i. e., burglar) enters he will be overcome by the gas, and may be securely wrapped up pending the arrival of the police. Of course, the owner of the house must take care not to breathe while on watch, or he may himself be knocked out by the gas. Should a burglar, however, succeed in getting into your rooms despite all precautions, there is but one course to pursue. Grasp him by the left ear and the right ankle and throw him over your left shoulder. It will then be easy to carry him to the station house.

A very good way to eat breakfast food is with a vacuum cleaner.

Ten minutes' exercise in the morning will work wonderful results for the health. On going to bed place the alarm clock about ten feet from the edge, having set it for an hour before the time you want to get up. Put your shoes in a convenient position. Then, when the alarm wakes you out of a sound sleep, you instinctively hurl your shoes at it, and in your anger miss hitting the clock. As the alarm continues to ring you spring from bed, rush at the clock and kick it into the corner, actions which exercise an entirely new set of muscles. By scattering a few tacks before the floor, night you will insure some morning exercise for the muscles brought into play in jumping. This will have given you a good start for the day. Ten minutes during working hours will not complete the scheme. Try knocking over the boss' desk when he steps out, and trying to pick up everything and put all back as before. This will give you speed, and if the boss returns before you get through you will have the further exercise of looking for another job.

To avoid chaps, chiblainis, etc., at this season go to Florida.

A Vassar graduate declares that the only culture nowadays is agricultural, so be careful to discuss beetles rather than Beethoven, and artichokes before art. It is at the county fair exhibits that one should become enraptured, not at the Metropolitan museum.

Do not use the comic papers on your pantry shelves, as they might take the canned tomatoes' minds off their work.

There are several ways of preserving old potato peelings, but as nobody wants to preserve old potato peelings, we shall not describe them.

In breaking eggs for an omelette, be careful to break the shells first.

A Quaint Indorsement.  
J. Pierpont Morgan, at a recent diocesan convention in New York, amused a group of clergymen with a story of a minister.

"He was as ignorant, this good man, of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan "as the average financier is ignorant of matters ecclesiastical."

"He once received a check—the first he had ever got in his life—and took it to a bank for payment."

"But you must indorse this check," said the paying teller, returning it through his little window.

"Indorse it?" said the old minister, in a puzzled way.  
"Yes, of course. It must be indorsed on the back."

"I see said the minister. And turning the check over, he wrote across the back of it:  
"I heartily indorse this check."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Correct.  
Johnnie—Did you ever see an engine wagging its ears?

Teacher—Now, my son, that's ridiculous.  
Johnnie—Why haven't you heard of engineers?—Exchange.

Had the Upper Hand.  
"Yes," she threatened to go home to her mother."

"And how did you keep her from doing it?"  
"I refused to button her gown for her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Wants Animal Dispensary

Mr. Harry R. Rand, of the Empire theatre of this city and the head of the Mile-High kennels in Denver, wants to know why we cannot establish a dispensary here to take care of homeless and wounded dogs and disabled horses. He says that in Denver, during slippery weather for horses, humane officers are stationed throughout the city, and when horses slip and slide and fall down for the need of having their shoes sharpened, the driver is made to unhitch his team and take them to the shoeing shop and have their shoes sharpened before he is allowed to go on to pull heavy loads on the slippery pavements. And he asks: "Why cannot we have in this city started something of the same kind?" He points out that it is badly needed. He says, further, that he will give the first \$100 and more if necessary, to the good cause to protect our faithful friends who are unable to tell us of their sufferings. He urges that good people get in line, and make this a practical business here in the city.

It is a good idea. Whether or not it can be carried out just now we do not know. It needs someone to take the initiative. But certain it is there are a great many horses attached to express wagons, and some to coal teams, which ought to be condemned and retired; in fact, to chloroform them would be a mercy. There are, besides, a great many first class horses that are liable to ruin themselves any day by slipping and falling on the pavements.

One great trouble is that this is an extraordinary winter and most men with teams have thought every day that the cold snap would quit. They have thought this every day for a month and we do not expect much more very slippery weather this year. The past two months have been unprecedented in the history of Salt Lake. At the same time, for just a single day men have no right to attach smooth-shod animals to heavy loads and try to haul them up and down these streets.

The public sentiment in Utah is not educated up to the humane point. The state was founded by suffering men and suffering animals, and this city for the last thirty years, to our certain knowledge, has always had a great many horses attached to heavy wagons which were a disgrace to the city and must have been altogether unprofitable to their owners, because a sick horse or a lame horse is just like a sick or disabled man—he cannot do good service.

We have a humane society here. We recommend our friend to see a few of the officers of it, such men as Dr. Beatty and Mr. George Y. Wallace and others, who for years have been struggling to do away with the suffering which the poor animals here are obliged to undergo. We think it would be easy for the humane society to get all the authority needed from the council, so that their agents could go on the streets and summarily stop an overworked team, or a team struggling under a heavy load on an icy pavement, or a half-starved team, and either compel the right or dispose of the man who is cruel enough to use animals in a cruel way.

Apropos of the above the New York Sun has an editorial on dogs, and says:

"No man can write about a dog and do justice to him unless he has a dog for a chum. That is why Robert Louis Stevenson wrote such a labored and paltry statement about dogs. Never could he have been on terms of intimacy with one. When we read what Mr. Henry C. Mervin has to say about dogs in the January Atlantic Monthly we know he has lived with them, loved them and cherished them, and they have helped to educate and ennoble him, as he has brought them up in the way they should go."

"We think it was Dr. John Brown of the Rab classic who said that every family should have a dog, as 'it keeps them young.' Mr. Mervin submits that a dog has a mission to teach mankind that the universe is ruled by love."

Mr. Mervin points out that the dog not only loves man, but loves other animals he is brought up with. Thus he has noted a crow and a dog in the same family, have been good comrades. Even a fox terrier can learn to esteem a cat. During the present cold spell we have seen a cat curled snugly on the body of a thick coated dog sprawled on the porch, also dozing, and each drawing heat and comfort from the other's fur and affection.

There is a touching story of Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, releasing himself from his elder son, who was leading him away from his dying reichhund, Sultan, and, returning with working features to sit by the dog's side until the end came. "Those old German forefathers of ours," said the great man, when he could control his voice, "had a kind of religion. They believed that after death they would again meet in the celestial hunting grounds all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could believe that."

There are few old pioneers who are not fond of dogs. When they had no family, not very many friends and not very much to eat, they had a dog. He was the companion, the friend, was the one who never complained of the fare, who was always faithful, and pick up an old frontiersman anywhere, and find him in a musing mood and ask him what he is thinking about; the chances are five to one he will tell you he is thinking of a dog he had that hard winter of '69, and how the two rustled together. And to this class of people, to see animals abused awakens the old disposition in them to fight quicker than anything else.—Salt Lake Telegram.

## THE COST OF CRIME.

Following up our article of yesterday on crime in the United States, it may be worth while to glance at a few figures as to the cost of that crime, says the Denver News.

First, the money cost. This has been estimated as high as \$6,000,000,000 per year—manifestly an exaggeration. The Massachusetts Prison association calculates that that state pays \$6,500,000 per year in the mere matter of salaries of those whose livelihood depends on the presence of criminals—policemen, criminal judges, turnkeys, etc. The lowest estimate we have seen of the total crime cost throughout the United States is \$1,500,000,000. Evidently, crime is the only luxury which rivals the tariff in expense.

Next, the life cost. In 1906 this country had 118 murders to each million of inhabitants. Canada has 12.4 per million. England has 8.4 per million. There averages more illegal killings in the one state of Georgia each year than in the whole British empire. In the last fifteen years there have been 133,192 murders in the United States. In the four years of the Civil war the Union army lost 110,070 men, killed in battle or died of their wounds.

Obviously, there are some very wrong things in our social and political makeup. And of these, The News believes that one of the worst and most costly is the present method of dealing with criminals, this licensing of crime, this survival of the notion that you can prevent brutality by being brutal. Surely, no American will admit that our national character is so much worse than that of other countries as our comparative murder records would indicate. If not our character, then our conditions must be at fault, and many of the worst of these conditions are created by bad laws, and may be changed by good ones. If we will remodel our penal system with the sole object of protecting society, and throw away all efforts to revenge society, we will cut down our annual crime bill most amazingly.